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SUBJECTS

MARSHAL BAZAINE.

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scarlet berries in the scattered copse that fringes the brown trout stream in the bottom of the glen. Everywhere in the dark bogs and dikes grow luxuriant clumps of the Osmunda fern. On the shore of the bays to the north the sea lies as if asleep, just stirring upon its couch of shining sand. To the south and west, as you approach the shore, the long Atlantic rollers come charging in, their crests as green as malachite, the wind-blown spray smoke running along their length, till they are broken in white ruin on the rocks. The peasantry are a quiet race, living, or rather managing to obtain a bare subsistence, on small holdings of poor land. They have neither enterprise nor energy. The farm work occupies at most two days in the week. The sea lies within reach; a curragh or canoe costs little, consisting of tarred canvas stretched on a slender framework of wood. They might at least improve their diet by fishing. Yet if they do not live actually on the shore they never approach the sea, except to cart away seaweed for their crops or sand for their yards and the floors of their houses. They live on potatoes and milk, varied with Indian meal, and, if they are more prosperous, with home-made bread. Their cabins might at least be kept clean, and they have only to plant the fuchsia to be presently surrounded with masses of color. The hydrangea, too, wherever it has been given a place, grows and blossoms freely. Yet nothing is done. Even the few larger farmers of them live as no laborer would be contented to live in England. Enter a house in the neighborhood of Smerwick Harbor, for instance. It is built of loose stones held together by yellow clay for mortar; the thatch is kept down by ropes of straw weighted with large stones; on the open hearth—a large slab of stone—a roll of turf is smoldering. The pig, even in the best farmhouses, disputes the doorway with the visitor. In the rafters, black-furred by the smoke of generations, a few fowl are roosting. The stranger is sure of a welcome; for the hospitality of the poorest peasant is unfailing. He offers a bowl of milk where the larger farmer brings out a bottle of whisky. The women are all barefooted, occasionally comely, and some of them look as if they had a dash of Spanish blood in them. It was not far off that the Spaniards landed in Queen Elizabeth's reign, built a fort, and were presently cut to pieces by the English under the Lord Deputy and Walter Raleigh. Here, too, some of Philip's tempest-tossed Armada came ashore, and their reputed graves, on the west side of the harbor, suggest that the survivors may have had a more hospitable reception here than at other points on the western coast.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

COACHING IN ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.—On the old roads anything like pace was hopeless; but as the roads improved the coaches became lighter, and speed was greatly accelerated. The coach proprietors were a most important part of the community, who nearly all of them combined the business of inn keeping with that of coaching. The largest proprietor was William Chaplin, who, originally a coachman, raised himself to the head of the coaching business and became member of Parliament for Salisbury and Deputy Chairman of the London and Southampton Railway. His headquarters were at the Swan With Two Necks in Ladlane. Out of 27 mails leaving London nightly he horsed no less than 14, some jointly with other proprietors, but altogether he horsed the mails for nearly 350 miles. He had about 68 different coaching lines, requiring about 200 coaches and keeping 1,200 horses at work. When he found that railways would drive coaches off the road he had the discretion to sell his horses and throw his influence and connection into the railway companies. Another familiar name was Edward Sherman, who kept the Bull and Mouth, in Aldersgate-street, and was the originator of the long-distance day coaches. These began in 1825 with the famous Wonder, which ran to Shrewsbury, 158 miles, and was followed by the Exeter Telegraph, 165 miles (which he worked with Mrs. Nelson,) and the Manchester Telegraph, 186 miles. His coaches were painted yellow. Among them was the celebrated Beaufort Hunt, which ran between London and Bath, "places in it being booked sometimes three weeks beforehand, and always being full, up and down." We should certainly think it strange to have to secure places in any particular train a fortnight or three weeks in advance. Mr. Horne was another well known proprietor, who afterward joined Chaplin and formed the great firm that bears their names. He had three inns in London and coaches on nearly all the roads, besides horsing five of the mails. Two proprietors in London were women, Mrs. Mountain, of the

I think the pain is growing less
Under your passionless caress,
Ah! could you teach my lips to crave
But just such kisses as you gave,
And could you, treading my life's ways,
But lay these ghosts of dear dead days
That walk my world by day and night,
And bar the way of all delight—
If at your touch should waken * * * Vain!
From Heaven itself my soul would plain—
"Give me my ghosts, my ghosts again!"
—*Longman's Magazine.* E. NESBIT.

SOLITUDE.

Not in the deepest tangles of the wood,
The turtle's haunt, the timid squirrel's lair,
Not on the ocean beaches, rough and bare
With never-ending battles, unsubdued
In war of winds and waters hoar and rude;
Not in the mountain-passes, where the air
Sobs low, and life is like a long despair—
Thy home is not in these, Oh Solitude!
But in the busy concourse, long and loud,
Where not one pulse of human sympathy
Beats through the grasping spirits of the crowd—
Where each is rapt in snatching greedily
His brother's portion—'neath a shallow shroud,
We know thy truest haunt, and weep for thee.
—*Chambers's Journal.* ARTHUR L. SALMON.

MARSHAL BAZAINE.—His conduct in Mexico had been so unprincipled, so rascally in every respect, that it had been even a question at one time of trying him by court-martial. The Emperor could not, however, afford to dispense with the support of one who was undoubtedly personally fearless, was supposed to be well versed in the art of war, was credited with influence in the army, and whose want of scruples rendered him a useful instrument of a despotic Government. It was thought that considerations of self-interest would have secured his fidelity; and instead, therefore, of being sent before a court-martial, he became the pet of the fêtes at Compiègne. Unfortunately for the Emperor, unfortunately for France, he saw in the war an opportunity of obtaining supreme political power, and to his unmeasured ambition and sordid greed he sacrificed his master, his army, and his country. That he was guilty of deliberate treason from the time he assumed the command of the army, those who have read this article can scarcely doubt, for he was wanting neither in courage nor military capacity. The proofs alleged against him make it clear that he thought not of defeating or escaping from the enemy, but solely of becoming the arbiter of the fortunes of France. His defense is valueless against the evidence not only of witnesses, but of his own acts and writings. He, in short, convicts himself, and his habitual trickery and his ingrained habits of falsehood render it impossible to accept his own word on any subject. We not only consider the accusation fully proved against him, but we believe that his conduct was even worse than it appeared to be. We have indeed a moral certainty that had it not been for his own cunning and the interested objects of the Germans the evidence against him would have been much more damning than it was. To those who are charitably disposed to give him the benefit of a doubt, to attribute his inaction at Metz to either want of energy or to a feeling of loyalty toward the Emperor, we will put a single question, with which we shall conclude this article: Assuming that he had guilty designs, could he have set more systematically to work to carry them out than he did?—*The Edinburgh Review.*

WHAT ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WORKING BOYS AND GIRLS READ.—That which the working class lads read is generally of the lowest and most vicious character; that which their sisters read is in no way superior. The boy takes in the penny dreadful; the girl secures the penny novelette, which is equally deserving of the adjective. Because the influence of these love and murder concoctions among girls is not so apparent to the public eye as the influence of the burglar and bushranging fiction among boys, it must not be supposed that that influence is less real. It is, in fact, in many ways not only more real, but more painful. Boys may be driven to sea or to break into houses by the stories they read: their actions are at once recorded in the columns of the daily papers. With girls the injury is more invidious and subtle. It is almost exclusively domestic. We do not often see an account of a girl committing any very serious fault through her reading. But let us go into the houses of the poor and try to discover what is the effect on the maiden mind of the trash which maidens buy. If we were to trace the matter to its source we should probably find that the high-flown

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